

slavery. If the free colored people of the South were all the honest, industrious, well-behaved, conscientious people which this Memphis writer, while advocating their general expulsion, confesses some of them to be, the selling them as slaves to the cotton planters according to the programme of the Richmond *Examiner*, would be comparatively an easy operation. But in the case of these people we see a striking contradiction of the possible truth, under certain circumstances, of Mandeville's famous doctrine that private vices may be public benefits. The security of the free negroes of the South against all attempts to expel or enslave them, rests, not upon their virtues, but their vices; and a pretty effectual security it is.

HELP FOR AN ANTI-SLAVERY PRESS IN KENTUCKY.

To the Editor of the *Telegraph* and other papers:

I know of a case which demands attention, sympathy and aid from Anti-Slavery men in the free States. I invoke your assistance in getting a few facts before the public.

Wm. S. Bailey, aided by his wife and children, is editing and publishing the *Newport (Ky.) News*, (Daily and Weekly), the only Anti-Slavery paper, I think, that is issued in the slave States. He has sacrificed an independent property in keeping it alive for seven years, and is now plying it with a paper in doing good service, and would be liberally sustained, as it should be, if his situation and work were understood. He has the real Kentucky pluck, and is resolved to persevere till freedom triumphs. Cassius M. Clay recommends him to your confidence and support, in a note of which I send you a copy. I know Mr. Bailey, and love him for his noble spirit. I earnestly bespeak for him sympathy and a little material assistance from the friends of freedom throughout the free States.

On the 12th of this month, a friend in this city hearing that Mr. Bailey and his family were suffering this hard and cold winter, sent him five dollars. May I copy a few of the words in his touching reply? 'We got your letter, and were glad to hear of which we procured some flour, a few slices of ham, a pound of coffee and a pound of sugar. And that night we all sat down to the table, for the first time in more than two weeks, and ate a meal with sublime thankfulness. You will not be soon forgotten, nor your remittance which relieved our half-faint family, faint and feeble with want of substantial nourishment.' Now I know Mr. Bailey's circumstances so well that I am sure there is no exaggeration in this. He has suffered and is suffering with his noble family the pains of slow martyrdom for the cause of freedom in Kentucky and through our country. Shall he be relieved? Who will take his paper? The weekly is one dollar per annum. Who will send him a dollar to aid him in his martyr work. Any one can send directly to him by letter, directing, 'William S. Bailey, Esq., Editor of the *Kentucky Weekly News*, Newport, Kentucky,' or hand to me and I will transmit.

Will not all editors who see this, help this noble man by inserting this article in their papers?

DANIEL FOSTER.

Boston, Jan. 27, 1857.

MR. CLAY'S LETTER.

December 11, 1856.

To all to whom these presents shall come, William S. Bailey, of the *Newport News*, Newport, Ky., has made great pecuniary sacrifices in the cause of our common liberties, and is still making sacrifices. His paper, daily and weekly, is doing good service in Kentucky, and encouraging others in all the slave States to do the same. All the friends of the Republic cause would do well to aid him, as a little money from each one would place his paper upon a permanent basis of stability and usefulness.

C. M. CLAY.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

The underground Railroad occasionally brings out rich things. Yesterday a beautiful mulatto woman from the Maryland shore, near Baltimore, called upon Mr. Lougen. She was a fugitive from high life in Slavery. Her dress, address and conversation, showed she had been valued and cared for. She naturally enquired into the quality and amount of business at the Syracuse Depot. Mrs. Lougen took the record of the names of the fugitives that had called at her house, and she still makes sacrifices. 'That is the name of my husband,' she exclaimed, with enthusiasm, when a certain name was read.

Mr. and Mrs. Lougen instantly called to mind an accomplished semi-colored man they had sent on to Rev. Mr. Mansfield & Co., at Auburn, three weeks ago. She told her story as follows:—

She had been married about six weeks. Her husband and herself were house slaves of two notable and wealthy families in Maryland, and were greatly attached. About three weeks since her master suspected that she intended to escape with her husband, and arrested her and put her in jail. She managed to notify her husband of her case, and he instantly fled to avoid a similar fate and probably to find his way South. Her mistress and daughter were greatly attached to her, and procured her release, and in three days thereafter she fled on foot to Philadelphia, with the aid of the man who helped her husband off. Anti-Slavery men put her on the road, and now for the second time she has got on the track of her husband.

Mr. Lougen at once thought it his duty to go to Auburn with her and help her find her husband. On her arrival at Auburn, he placed her in the parlor of one of the best hotels, and called on Mr. Mansfield, who went with him to another clergyman, to whom he was directed. He was at meeting, and Mr. Lougen sat in a distant part of the meeting, who resembled the fugitive, and sent a person to bring him to the lobby to see Mr. Lougen. The poor man was seized with a tremor. The fact was, he was an excellent machinist, and instead of going to Canada, had hired out at good wages at Auburn, rather instructed to do so by Mr. Lougen, if he found a chance.

'They are after you, Frel,' said Mr. Lougen, 'but hold up your head—I'll take you where you won't be hurt.'

'Who is after me?'

'Who but your master could be here after you? But don't be scared—follow me and you will be safe.'

'Can you fight?'

'It depends on who I am to fight!'

'Will you fight slaveholders if they have come to take you?'

'Yes—I would fight a regiment of them.'

By this time they had arrived at the hotel, and Mr. Lougen pointed directly to the parlor, which was richly furnished and lighted. The fugitive feelings were worked up to the highest point by being led to such a place, where he could expect to see no one but a slaveholder. On entering the room, he saw his beautiful wife alone. He was so overcome that he almost fell to the floor, exclaiming, at the same time, 'It is my wife! They grubbed together, and a happier bride and bridegroom could not be found in the world—we'll venture to say.—Syracuse Standard.

ANOTHER CANE FOR MR. BROOKS.

To the Editor of the *New York Tribune*:

Sir—I stood in the office of a certain California Express Company in this city yesterday afternoon, watching the process of opening the mummy, grave-like trunk, and the distribution of their varied contents. The California stowage had just arrived, and there were letters, papers, daguerotypes, specimen lumps of gold, Canton Craple shawls, products of California industry and Chinese skill. 'Christ-mas presents?' I asked of the busy expressman, taking up, as I spoke, a long, neatly-wrapped parcel which he had just tossed out like York's skin. I started at the inscription I read there, on the wrapper of what I supposed to be a sword:—

'To the Hon. PRESTON S. BROOKS, Washington, D. C.' Presented by the Citizens of Tehama, California. It was another cane!

It would be difficult to describe the emotions with which I silently replaced the weapon on the table, and stood a few moments alone beside it. The man still digging in the grave behind me was too busy to heed my start of surprise, and all alone, addressing itself to me in a language deeper than words, I held mute communion with this Christmas gift. I walked with it among the miners in their council, when the deed it was to commemorate was pronounced good. I heard the condemn of the whole thing: 'Love—violence and bloodshed,' and saw them fitting the stout staff to its 'loaded' head of gold, and read the meaning on their knitted brows, while they deviated its 'suitable inscription.' I thought of its careful engravings, and perhaps at this moment the sunrise passing from lip to lip. 'By the time

Brooks has received our cane.' And then I thought—need I tell you what?—the strong arm stiffened in death—the angry clasp relaxed in cold passivity, and of that soul released from the throes of mortal hate, from the bonds of earthly pride, from ties of 'relation,' or 'State,' or 'section'—far beyond the petty scenes this poor emblem of hate (not friendship) was made to commemorate, weeping in contrition its earthly state, but healed—saved by the precious blood which gift makes joyous and holy our Christian festival!

Ah! citizen-miners of Tehama, your present was not in vain, though it will never form a weapon to the hand for which it was fitted; though it will never bring back his autograph letter of thanks, nor with your names as its donors, into the newspapers to swell the angry, clashing sentiment which in your bosom stimulated the gift. It has by its moral reached a human heart, and while showing the blindness and vanity of mortal praise, has also taught the feebleness and folly of human resentment. Let 'a little earth in charity' cover the remembrance of an incident which a few days ago would have called forth only vindictiveness in the announcement of 'Another Cane!'

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 13, 1857.

TRUTH.

The Truth shall make you wise,

All simple though ye be;

But ere her light can greet your eyes,

She first must make you free.

The Truth shall make you bold,

Though small your strength may be;

But, if she find your courage cold,

She first must make you free.

The Truth shall make you great,

How small soe'er ye be;

To raise you to her high estate,

She first must make you free.

The Truth shall make you glad,

Though deep your griefs may be;

To pour her joys upon the sad,

She first must make them free.

The Truth shall make you good,

All sinful though you be;

To enter on her heavenly road,

She first must make you free.

Thus wisdom, courage, joy and grace,

The gifts of Truth shall be;

If gazing on her glorious face,

Hath made your spirits free.

M. W. C.

'The Truth shall make you free.'

This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance. But even Truth will make Free only those who receive it, conform their lives to its dictates, and renounce that which opposes it, though dear as a right hand or a right eye. If our nation yet remains a slaveholding nation, it is because we have not yet received the Truth and reduced it to practice.

To hold the slave securely within his power, the master must keep one end of the chain in his own hands. There is no escape from this necessity. But while he does this, he also is in chains. His movements are limited, his freedom is forfeited, just as certainly, by the self-imposed task of holding the slave, as the slave's by being held; and whoever assists the master in holding the slave must in like manner, and by the same necessity, have his movements limited and his freedom curtailed. Massachusetts has done, and is now doing, this shameful work, and is therefore necessarily suffering its inseparable disgrace and injury.

Our fathers made the very mistake against which *Æsop's* fable of the woodcutter and the forest should have warned them, and gave the handle to that axe which has ever since been used to cut them down. They carelessly, unjustly, granted certain privileges to the Slave Power, in indulgence to what seemed the last stages of its decay—obviously taking for granted that it must gradually decay and die after the abolition of the slave trade; but we, instead of finally covering their shame, and undoing their error when time revealed that it was an error, have not even withdrawn our support from the slave system when it openly trampled upon our rights, and seized our documents from the mail-bag and the post-office, imprisoned our colored seamen, kidnapped and enslaved our colored citizens, denied even to our white citizens their rights of free speech, printing and locomotion, in sister States, ignominiously expelled our ambassador from Charleston, brutally assaulted our Senator in Washington, and added robbery, arson, rape and murder to all imaginable minor violations of the rights of our citizens in Kansas; in a word, we have stupidly continued, (following the one blunder of our fathers as implicitly as their many acts of wisdom,) to accord the same indulgence to slavery in the brutal arrogance of its present prosperity, as our fathers did when it merely begged for a short reprieve before execution; and the consequence is that the demands made upon us by slavery are getting more and more brutal and arrogant; while our own sensibility to both injury and insult is getting so dulled, and our appreciation of the calls of honor, justice, humanity and religion so imperfect, that very few of those who propose any action in regard to slavery think of carrying it further than an attempt to limit that anti-republican and anti-Christian system to its present boundaries; which implies toleration of it, acquiescence in it, continued support of it, within those boundaries.

Is it not time to take a step further? to exercise at least justice and humanity enough to withdraw that aid which we are now giving (by our political and ecclesiastical union with slaveholders) to the oppressor against the oppressed; at least self-respect enough to withdraw from an alliance which, under the empty name of reciprocity of rights, subjects us to a succession of insults and injuries, either of which would be deemed sufficient ground for war, did they proceed from England, France or Russia; at least manliness enough to say that our own Massachusetts shall at last begin to be Free Soil; a secure asylum for the fugitive from tyranny, whether that tyranny be Prussian, Austrian, Carolinian or Virginian?—C. K. W.

RATHER UNREASONABLE.

The *New York Observer* deprecates philosophic preaching. Judging from what the Presbyterian clergy have been and are, there seems no danger of such a phenomenon. Fear should have some basis of probability. We will insure the subscribers to the *Observer* against that peril, both in pulpits and editorial columns, at a less premium than against tornadoes or even earthquakes.

But if the *Observer* insists upon taking wisdom in the pulpit, it should not complain of the natural effect of this proceeding upon the congregation.—Hence the Jeremiah in its last number upon the recent frequent changes of pastors seems to us a trifle unreasonable. It declares that in many cases the people stand aloof from their pastors, seemingly indifferent; and that the pastors, after grieving awhile in secret over the fact that their sermons seem to produce no effect, conclude that their usefulness in that position is at an end, and ask for a dismission; and that thus the Church sustains a loss; and that then successive candidates occupy the vacant pulpit, who meet in turn the same result.

Without presuming to dictate, we would humbly suggest that possibly the difficulty thus mourned may have arisen from a want of philosophy in the pulpit. Possibly the *Observer* may have erred in the conclusion that, in the case described, the Church had 'sustained a loss,' and the pastor also in supposing that he had ever exercised any 'usefulness in that position.' There must be, even in every Presbyterian Church, at least a few persons who know something, and want to know more; and if their minister, Sunday after Sunday, and year after year, gives them from the pulpit neither mental nor spiritual food, nothing but a new hash of the same old formulas and superstitions, which they have known by rote from their childhood—what wonder is it that they seem indifferent? If there is any honesty in them, how else can they seem? and what better could they do, unless to stay away altogether, and help the poor empty minister sooner to his decision to ask a dismission?

The business of a minister is to preach something so well worth hearing that his people can't stay away. If half of them do stay away, and the other half "seem indifferent," the minister may safely conclude the fault to be—in himself.—C. K. W.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. 8 vo. pp. 74.

This pamphlet, which may now be had at the Anti-Slavery Office, and which should be preserved, as well as read, by every Abolitionist, gives an able and interesting statement of the most important events in the great contest with slavery, which occurred within the year previous to the last annual meeting of the American Society. An appendix gives an abstract of the proceedings of the last anniversary.

THE PRISON OF WITTEVEEDEN, and a Glance at the East Indian Archipelago. By Walter M. Gibson. 12 mo. pp. 496.

This book, 'illustrated from original sketches' not less fanciful than its style of writing, narrates the observations of the author in the islands of Java and Sumatra, and his imprisonment by the Dutch authorities in the former island. It is for sale by Brainard, 124, and by Jewett & Co., 117, Washington street.

FORESTER'S PLATMATE. We have received the February number of this well-conducted 'Monthly Instructor for Youth,' published by Gould & Co., 156 Washington street.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE DISUNION CONVENTION. The official Report of the Disunion Convention, recently held at Worcester, is now printed in a neat pamphlet, large octavo, of eighty pages, and may be had at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill.

Books to be kept in mind by those who have not yet read them.

Mr. Stowe's 'Dred.' 2 vols. 12 mo. pp. 699.

A most accurate and noteworthy delineation of how the church supports slavery, and how slavery corrupts the church.

'The Conquest of Kansas, by Missouri and her Allies.' By William Phillips, Kansas correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. 12 mo. pp. 414.

This book, in a graphic recital of the outrages committed in Kansas during the last two years, displays the manners and morals developed by slavery among slaveholders, and shows by implication the danger of compromise, and the folly of expecting a peaceful alliance, on terms reciprocally beneficial, between liberty and slavery.

These two works are published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter street.—C. K. W.

DISTRICT SECRETARY FOR THE AMERICAN BOARD. Rev. William Warren, of Upton, in this county, formerly of Windham, has received from the American Board the appointment of District Secretary for northern New England, in the place of Rev. William Clark, resigned.—Worcester Spy.

The reverend gentleman alluded to has long been known in Upton and its neighborhood as a most determined and relentless enemy of the Anti-Slavery cause. He has talked and preached against it with a most unyielding pertinacity, and proved himself a very compliant and thorough-going servant of the slaveholding churches of this country. What a very singular circumstance it is that the American Board of Missions always has the misfortune to stumble on one of these pro-slavery gentlemen when it has an office to bestow!

Our readers may remember a good story of the above mentioned minister which went the rounds of the papers a few years since. Soon after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, a petition to Congress for its repeal was presented to Mr. Warren for his signature. As the feeling in the town was very general and strong against the law, our parson was in something of a quandary, but finally compromised the matter thus—he signed the petition, adding to his name the words, 'Provided all can be done in good faith to the Constitution.' The next signer of the Petition, with an equally laudable desire not to be misunderstood, appended his name, and to it added these words, 'Provided all can be done in good faith to the Constitution; for I wish to serve God so as not to offend the devil.'

A PREFERENCE CONSISTENT WITH NON-VOTING.

An esteemed and influential friend sends me a severe and cutting reprimand for what he calls my 'inconsistency in desiring the election of a candidate, and yet refusing to vote for him.' I will answer my friend through *THE LIBERATOR*, if the editor pleases.

'Suppose,' says my friend, 'a company of police (the Republicans) were engaged in a doubtful struggle with a band of incendiaries (the opponents of Fremont); the one trying to fire and destroy a beautiful city, (Kansas Territory), and the other to extinguish the flames and save the city. How reprehensible would it be in some of the policemen to fold their arms and look quietly on, simply expressing a desire for the success of those on the side of law and right!'

This illustration gives but a distorted view of the position of the non-voter. My friend's police regulations were not using regular police methods to eject the incendiaries. My friend's police and incendiaries constitute two communities, bound together by a compact which not only does not forbid incendiaryism, but guarantees to it certain important political rights and privileges. Both communities come under a common government, the power of which has mostly been in the hands of the incendiary portion, and which they have steadily wielded for the furtherance of their principles. The strife, therefore, to which my friend alludes is between the two communities for the election of a chief officer in their common government.

My friend's police community pledge themselves always to regard as sacred the incendiary compromises of the compact. Their candidate cheerfully does the same, and if elected, will bind himself by an oath to this effect.

Now, in my friend's police community, there happen to be some who, acting under the conviction that, while this wicked alliance is kept up, incendiaryism must constantly gain power and extend its ravages, plant themselves firmly upon the principle of non-political action under such a government.

But now comes a struggle between these diverse communities for the election of a chief officer. The so-called anti-incendiary portion insist that such candidates must ensue if they are defeated, and appeal to the non-voters, who tell them plainly that they prefer their success, on the principle of a choice of evils, but that they will not consent to impair the strength of their principles. They say, further, that while this wicked alliance exists, incendiaryism will be sure to create a crisis for every returning general election, and that there would therefore always be an excuse for their laying aside their principles, until they were swallowed up by this miserable fold of denunciation, in the case described, the Church had 'sustained a loss,' and the pastor also in supposing that he had ever exercised any 'usefulness in that position.' There must be, even in every Presbyterian Church, at least a few persons who know something, and want to know more; and if their minister, Sunday after Sunday, and year after year, gives them from the pulpit neither mental nor spiritual food, nothing but a new hash of the same old formulas and superstitions, which they have known by rote from their childhood—what wonder is it that they seem indifferent? If there is any honesty in them, how else can they seem? and what better could they do, unless to stay away altogether, and help the poor empty minister sooner to his decision to ask a dismission?

Wilson and Banks would like a Southern candidate better than even Fremont, if he would run better. The Republican party really has no issue—never has had an issue with the South. Even the Whigs said the annexation of Texas was virtually a dissolution of the Union. But since then, all the successive outrages have not brought the Republican party to echo that statement. What a mockery to the memory of John Quincy Adams to submit successively to these increasing outrages.

Mr. Pillsbury here offered a resolution, (14), and added—

How much must be piled on the already crowded

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

SKETCHES OF DISCUSSIONS, CONTINUED.

On Thursday evening, at the Mercantile Hall, HENRY C. WRIGHT offered some resolutions, and said before reading them—

I believe that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God; and the man who believes in fighting at all, is a traitor to his principles if he does not assert the right of the American slave to armed resistance. To prevent misconception, it should be understood that non-resistance is not the doctrine of the Abolitionists generally, nor of the disunionists generally.

I furthermore believe that this Union has proved an utter failure in regard to the preservation and extension of liberty, and a great calamity to the human race. Man cannot reconcile moral contradictions; and he who attempts it, loses the power of correct discrimination in matters of conscience. Thus, this nation has lost the power to discriminate in relation to liberty and slavery.

In no nation of the world are theft, and robbery, and falsehood so prevalent and so popular as in this nation. The clergy and the politicians uphold all these; and the people do not distinguish either the guilt or the disgrace of them. The American Union is at this hour one of the deadliest enemies of freedom.

I hope that our last Presidential election has been held. We can never reach slavery through the national organization, though we may through the State organization.

Wisconsin has placed herself, in this matter, far in advance of every State, having decided the following points by the unanimous voice of her Supreme Court.

1. Every State has a right to sit in judgment on the constitutionality of acts of Congress, relating to citizens of that State.

2. The Fugitive Slave Law is not constitutional.

3. Wisconsin will protect her citizens in violations of the Fugitive Slave Law.

4. Congress has no right to pass a Fugitive Slave law at all. Each State must decide for itself whether any of its citizens are to be delivered into the hands of the slave power.

Now, I want the State of Massachusetts to come up to this ground. I ask—can it protect its citizens against kidnappers? Will it do so? If not, what is your republicanism good for? Down with it, I say, and the sooner the better.

JAMES N. BUFFUM. I protest against the official recognition, by this society, of the use of violence, of arms and bloodshed, among its means of opposing slavery. I understand the original doctrine of the Anti-Slavery Society to be, that its end is to be sought by moral and peaceful means. Hitherto, we have acted upon this principle. I approve the principle, and am not prepared for any change in the prudent policy to which we have hitherto adhered; neither do I understand how the non-resistance which Henry C. Wright has so long and energetically professed, can give birth to such resolutions as we have just heard.

MR. GARRISON. It seems to me that our friend Buffum has not correctly apprehended the spirit and meaning of the resolutions. In them, we are taking the American people on their own ground, and judging of them by their own standard. We have a right to demand that a nation shall act in consistency with that which it avows to be its rule of faith and practice.

Our friend, Mr. Wasson, thought that he might properly wait in slavery twenty-five years, to avoid the horrors of a bloody insurrection. But the voice of God in the soul cries aloud—Give me liberty, or give me death. A man has no right to consent to be a slave, either twenty-five years or twenty-five seconds, to avoid any consequences.

(Mr. Wasson here asked if Mr. Garrison would consent a slave to kill his master.)

That is not the question. A man has no right to consent to be a slave. He is bound in duty to seek freedom; and he must seek it in a manner according with his own ideas of right, deciding that point for himself.

ANDY KELLEY FOSTER. Mr. Wasson forgets that the question is not whether we shall counsel the slave to forsake peace, and commence war; the war exists already, and has been waged unremittently ever since the slave has been in bondage. Four millions of slaves are disarmed warriors to-day; and all the evils of war, violations of life, liberty, property and every other right, are now going on, and increasing. The war is going on, with or without our consent, and we are looking to see whether right or wrong shall be victorious.

Certainly every friend of liberty here would rejoice to hear to-night that the slaves of Louisiana or of Tennessee had risen against their masters.

MR. BUFFUM. Our friend Garrison ought not to recommend the false standard used by other men.

HENRY C. WRIGHT. I will read again those expressions in the resolutions to which friend Buffum objects, and I think that if he will attend carefully to their phrasing, he will be obliged to give his assent to them.

Is it not true that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God? (Mr. Buffum replied—Yes.)

Is it not true that whether they obtain their liberty by flight or insurrection, our sympathies are with the slaves? (Yes.)

Is it not true that those who allow themselves to fight for their own liberty are traitors to the slave's doctrines if they refuse to fight in behalf of the slave? (Yes.)

PARKER PILLSBURY.—We may have to look this subject of violence very seriously in the face, and may as well familiarize our minds with it. We must abolish slavery. If by peace provisions in the Constitution, we have tied our hands from the use of any needful instrumentality, we had better untie them.

Our people have been so long familiarized with slavery that they have forgotten the duty of not consenting to be a slave. It is as well a sin to be a slave as to hold a slave.

Our friend Wright asked the question, Will Massachusetts protect the slave? A fugitive in Boston who arrived yesterday. Perhaps he is an impostor. If so, he is a good actor; for he looks just as the real slavery which exists in our country makes a man look.

I wonder—will Massachusetts protect that slave? I think not. If he is arrested, he is lost. I wish he might prove his disposition and ability to protect him, though blood should run from Beacon Hill to Broad street.

We have had the annexation of Texas—and the war with Mexico—and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law; and the South proceeded to put this law in force here in Boston—successfully too—using Faneuil Hall and the United States soldiers to effect it. Then she repealed the Missouri Compromise. By this outrage, even the pulpit was stirred. Then came the outrages in Kansas—and then the worse outrage in Congress, the triumph of central ruffianism. A wound was inflicted upon Sumner, probably incurable; but the wound to Massachusetts was certainly incurable.

Now, who thinks or cares for these things? Not the Republican party, certainly. The moss has grown over them, and would speedily render them illegible if we did not annually scrape it off, and keep the testimony open to public view.

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How much must be piled on the already crowded

mountain of outrage inflicted on us by the South before the Republicans will see that Disunion is needed!

The letters of those men to the Worcester Convention are so much subterfuge and evasion. What can reconcile them to disunion, if the recent atrocities of the Slave Power fail to do it? These last outrages, instead of quickening the sensibilities of the North, have acted like a paralytic stroke, deadening and numbing them.

Let the Republicans come here and tell us how long they would have us wait.

LUCY STONE wished to give some of her experience among the leading members of the Republican party. One said in his speeches in that party—'We are not concerned in acting for the negroes'; among the mountains of Pennsylvania another said he had to forego all sympathy with slaves, or he should not have got a vote; towards Wisconsin, one said, discussing with a slaveholder—I am a Republican, and don't care a damn for the negroes; Horace Greeley says he has no objection to vote for a slaveholder—and so with all the leaders of that party—and the party itself does not propose a single measure for the slave. They wish for the overthrow of Southern despotism, because its whip is stretched over them; but they do not know the right of moral power, and they trust for success to a compromising policy that constantly defeats its own ends. The position of the party and of its leaders deserves the severest criticism: but I believe the great body of voters in the party, and of sympathizers with it, to be far more deluded than dishonest, or even selfish; and I am sure that great numbers of noble young men, who have hitherto heard nothing nearer anti-slavery than Republican stump speeches, might now profitably hear the higher truths of

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

THE NEGRO SLAVE.
How long, ye Freedom, will ye hold
Our race in slavery's chain?
How long shall we be bought and sold—
How long in bonds remain?

How long will you withhold relief
From those you've captives made?
How long until our cries be deaf?
How long our rights invade?

How long will you your names disgrace,
By dooming us to woe?
How long deprive our helpless race
Of all the bliss we know?

Though black our skins, yet be assured
Our hearts can keenly feel,
And have for you far more endured
Than language can reveal.

Then haste to help us, lest that God
Who made both black and white,
Should smite with his avenging rod,
And all your pleasures blight!

Have mercy on us, entreat,
Let not our prayers be vain;
For 'with what measure ye mete,'
Ye shall receive again.

For the Liberator.

THE GUARDIANSHIP OF SPIRITS.
'Are they not all ministering spirits?'

BY E. D. V.

'Tis sweet to think we're guarded
By radiant spirits bright,
From the far-off land of glory,
Where day excludes the night.

They hover round our pathway
Through all the busy day,
Shedding sweet influence round us,
Lest we should darkly stray.

And at the hour of twilight
They come with vesture wings,
Communing with our spirits,
Of God and heavenly things.

They watch us while we slumber,
And whisper words of peace,
Of joy, and hope, and comfort,
And bliss that ne'er shall cease.

And when our hopes are blasted,
And clouds of sorrow lower,
'Tis sweet to think they're with us,
E'en in the darkest hour.

They point us to their starry home,
Where flowers forever bloom,
And lure us from the downward path,
To the happy spirit home.

Then we'll list to their angel tones,
Though our hearts by storms are driven;
They say that 'we are not alone,'
And there's rest for us in heaven.

Natick, Mass.

WHISPERS OF THE WATCHING SPIRITS.

In youth I died, in maiden bloom;
With gentle hand Death touched my cheek,
And with his touch there came to me
A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay;
He was so kind I feared him not;
My friends behind my slow decline,
And mourned my timeless lot.

They saw but sorrow; I desecrated
The bliss that never fades away;
They felt the shadow of the tomb;
I marked the heavenly day.

I heard them sob, as through the night
They kept their watch; then on my ear,
Amid the sobbing, fell a voice
Their anguish could not hear.

'Come, and fear not,' it softly cried;
'We wait to lead thee to thy home,'
Then leaped my spirit to reply,
'I come, I long to come.'

I heard them whisper o'er my bed—
'Another hour, and she must die,'
I was too weak to answer them,
That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourned me as untimely dead,
And heard not how I sang a song
Of triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought
How narrow was my resting-place;
My soul was roving high and wide
At will, through boundless space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black;
Through the sad aisles the requiem rang;
Meanwhile the white-robed choir of heaven
A holy psalm sang.

Off from my paradise I came,
To visit those I love on earth,
I enter, unperceived, the door:
They sit around the hearth,

And talk in saddened tone of me,
As one that never may return;
How little think they that I stand
Among them as they mourn!

But Time will ease their grief, and Death
Will purge the darkness from their eyes;
Then shall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's solemn mysteries.

EXAGGERATION.

BY MISS E. B. BROWNING.

We overstate the ills of life, and take
Imagination, given us to bring down
The choir of singing angels, overhead
By God's clear glory, down our earth to rake
The dismal snows instead; flake following flake,
To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills across a level thorn,
And pant like climbers. Near the alderbrake
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud, or else she would.
O, brothers, let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF—holy herein,
That by the grief of ONE came out of our good.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

BY RULWER.

Talent convinces—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unites with desire the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees of toil.
Genius, the sudden fire of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes;
And, to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Claps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn-bell learn the dull to read:
Genius, the Python of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—
From eyes profane a veil the fairs screens,
And fools on fools still ask—'What Hamlet means?'

The Liberator.

STATEMENT OF THE GENERAL AGENT OF THE MASS. A. S. SOCIETY FOR 1856.

The operations of the Society have been so closely connected with those of the American Anti-Slavery Society, during the past year, that in recounting the one we shall almost necessarily be obliged to make frequent reference to the other. The agents who have labored for this Society during one part of the year, were, during another part, in the service of the American Society; and, when employed by this Society, have not always labored in this State, but have gone into other New England States, as occasion required. Indeed, as this Society receives and expends the funds raised at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, (held annually in this city in the month of May,) it is bound to see that a due proportion of those funds are expended in the neighboring States.

The following persons have been engaged in the lecturing-field in this and the other New England States, for different periods during the year past, as agents of this or of the American Anti-Slavery Society:—PARKER PILLBURY, ANDREW T. FOSS, WILLIAM W. BROWN, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, SALLIE HOLLEY, CAROLINE F. PUTNAM, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, CHARLES L. REMOND, and the General Agent, SAMUEL MAY, JR.

Mr. PILLBURY, who returned from his visit to Great Britain in May last, has been constantly, since that time, an agent of the American Society, and has labored in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, as well as in Ohio and Pennsylvania. We rejoice to say that his health does not appear to have suffered detriment since his return to his native Maine.

Mr. FOSS has labored in New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, &c.; but, since August last, has been steadily engaged in Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, &c.

Mr. BROWN was engaged as an agent of this Society for the first three months of the year, laboring in this State and in Rhode Island, and during a portion of the time was accompanied by his daughter. He afterwards became an agent of the American Society, but still continued in New England, and labored in Connecticut and in Massachusetts until about the first of June.

Mr. BURLEIGH has rendered occasional and effective service to both Societies, in this State and in Rhode Island.

Miss HOLLEY was engaged in lecturing as an agent of this Society, both in this State and in Rhode Island, for the first five months of the year, doing a most excellent and acceptable work. She was accompanied by Miss PUTNAM, as a Tract Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Her labors, also, were of much value to the cause.

Mr. FOSTER's labors have been confined to this State and Rhode Island, until quite recently, when he has been engaged in the State of New York. We greatly regret to state that Mrs. FOSTER's health has not been such as to allow her rendering any public service to the cause during the year.

Mr. HOWLAND has been efficiently engaged as a Tract collector, and lecturer of the American Society. Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island have been the principal fields of his labors.

Mr. REMOND has rendered frequent and valuable aid to both Societies, mostly in this State; but since the middle of November last has been laboring in the Conventions now holding in the State of New York. In this latter work, we are pleased to say, he is accompanied and aided by his sister, Miss SARAH P. REMOND, whom we gladly welcome as an auxiliary in our righteous and most useful work.

Mr. MAY, in addition to the customary duties of his office, visited during the summer the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and had the satisfaction of engaging in anti-slavery labors with many of the faithful and uncompromising Abolitionists of those two States.

During the year past, the *Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society*, believed to be the oldest, and certainly one of the most efficient county societies in existence, has at different times had in its employ, as agents, CHAS. C. BURLEIGH, ANDREW T. FOSS, MISS FRANCES E. WATKINS, and WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

The work which has been done in the State of RHODE ISLAND during the past year deserves special mention. After the State had been extensively visited by W. W. BROWN, and by MISS HOLLEY and PUTNAM, a State Anti-Slavery Convention was held in the city of Providence on the 26th and 27th of April. It was largely attended, and much interest was evinced. The presence of Mr. Garrison contributed greatly to its efficiency and success. Soon after the Convention, a regular series of anti-slavery meetings was commenced in Providence, which have continued from that time to the present, on alternate Sundays, with the most encouraging results. The Rhode Island State Anti-Slavery Committee deserve the thanks and congratulations of all who love the Anti-Slavery cause.

We must not omit to mention, with the offer of our heartfelt thanks in the name of those who cannot here speak their thanks, the frequent and disinterested labors for the cause of WENDELL PHILLIPS, of EDMUND QUINCY, and of Mr. GARRISON. Such services as these gentlemen render are inestimable. Their value to the Anti-Slavery cause cannot be calculated, and the impress left by their words so fitly spoken, and by their nobly-consistent lives, upon the public mind and heart, can never be effaced, but will continually plead with this people to 'break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free,' until they bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

To many other friends also our best thanks and acknowledgments are due, for cheerful, prompt and invaluable aid to our Society and cause. Among these we gladly mention, as a duty, the names of THOMAS PARKER, OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM, JOHN T. SARGENT, ADIN BALLOU, T. W. HIGGINSON, CHAS. E. BODGETT, J. B. SWARTZ, DAVID A. WATSON, WILLIAM C. NELL, DARIUS M. ALLEN, and MARIUS R. ROBINSON, of Ohio.

It must always be a satisfaction to the friends of the cause in one section of the country to know what efforts are put forth for its furtherance in other sections. We therefore briefly refer to the doings of other societies. Among these, the American Anti-Slavery Society holds, of course, the first place. We believe it to be worthy, in all respects, of unlimited confidence and the most generous support from the anti-slavery men and women of the land. Its officers are men and women, having no selfish or party ends to promote, look with a single eye to the integrity of the sacred cause they have in trust; and the methods they adopt and the measures they set on foot are dictated by a sole regard to the promulgation of the soundest truths and the purest principles, such as look to the ultimate triumph of Justice, Right, Good Will among men. We believe that their measures are not only commendable, but thoroughly sound and deeply wise, full of the most practical good sense, and commanding themselves as all candid and discriminating minds. They rely, as from the beginning, upon the truth, spoken in all plainness, in all fearlessness, in all reverence for God, and in all compassion, hope, and good will to men, as the omnipotent agency for overthrowing every fortress of Wrong, every synogue of Satan, every Refuge of Lies, and for causing the Right, the Perfect, the Good, the Beautiful, to appear, and in due time to be honored, loved, and chosen of all men—or, if not of all, for who can bring a clean thing out of those hopelessly unclean and sordid souls who, for the sake of office, for the hope of pay, through the lust of power, sell themselves to the service of adulterers, thieves and murderers, such as

the slave system of this country breeds ever more and more foully,—if not of all, yet of the most. For the great mass of men cannot be hardened to villany and cruelty, and with them the *true word*, spoken in all honesty, and with such earnestness as betrays those who strive to save a race and a country from perdition, must ever be the highest, the surest, the most potent agent of conversion, of redemption from the wrong, and of consecration to the right. This is the philosophy, the common sense of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of the societies affiliated with it. It points out the measures to be adopted, the fields of labor to be especially chosen, and the modes of cultivation suitable to each. Led by this spirit, the Society scatters its able and eloquent Tracts—the products of the best minds in the community—wherever it has power to send them by its agents, or wherever a friendly hand is stretched out to aid their circulation. It sends abroad, in every part of the non-slaveholding States, living preachers of the highest truths God has ever spoken to the human soul, and they cry 'Repent ye' to this guilty land, and warn it to flee from the wrath and terrible doom sure to come on an impenitent and oppressive nation. It sustains its press in the great commercial center of the nation, and every week diffuses, to the extent of its ability, that precious light of truth, which would indeed be for the healing of this people, would they but show a willingness to hear and to come to the light, that their evil might be reformed, and their blindness purged. Through such simple, but all-powerful and Heaven-approved means, shall this land be regenerated and saved,—if the work be possible; and, if not, then will there be saved a remnant at least, whose shall spring a better seed, a wiser and nobler people, who shall not scoff at and despise the Higher Law, who shall not defile themselves by the idolatrous worship of corrupt Unions and Constitutions, nor of the men who make them or who defend them, but whose delight shall be in the Law of the Lord, and who shall honor all men as equal in birth and in destiny.

With such guidance, the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY has pursued its way during the past year. Many of its operations we have already adverted to, and named the larger part of its agents. In addition to those named, we would say, that in the early part of the year, Messrs. AARON M. POWELL and JOHN H. PHILLIPS were employed in Michigan, Indiana, and other Western States. At the Society's annual meeting, in May last, a resolution was adopted to hold, in the course of the following year, ONE HUNDRED ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS, to be appointed in such places as should seem most to need them, and likely to repay in kind the labor bestowed. Upwards of forty of these Conventions have been already held, as well as a great number of smaller meetings, lectures, &c.—and the Society is using every effort to carry out its resolve to the letter. The weather and the travelling are now, however, in all our Northern States alike unpropitious; but, what is a far greater obstacle, the dull and lifeless state of the public mind and feeling, as especially noticeable in those States in which the political fever ran the highest during the late Presidential contest, prevents the usual response to the arguments, facts and appeals of the anti-slavery reasoner and preacher, and opposes a greater difficulty than that of open hostility for our agents to struggle with. But no time must be lost, no labor be refused, no difficulty admitted to be insurmountable. The truth must be told, whether the people will hear, or whether they will forbear, and we confidently believe that the wisdom of that course which the Society is now pursuing will be, in the future as in the past, 'justified by their children.' The Conventions thus far held have been in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New York; and in sustaining them the Society has had the aid, in addition to those heretofore named, of BENJAMIN S. JONES, JANE ELIZABETH JONES, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, MARIUS R. ROBINSON, OLIVER JOHNSON, and others.

The Western Anti-Slavery Society, the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society, the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and the New York (City) Anti-Slavery Society, have all been engaged, during the past year, in their special fields, in such labors for the cause as their means have enabled them to pursue. We especially notice the determination of the *Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society* to hold, in the course of the year, FIFTY ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS in that State. May they be the means of delivering that beautiful and powerful State from the dishonorable thralldom to the Slave Power which of late has marked its policy, its politics, and its so-called laws.

We have referred to the Tract department of the operations of the American Society. It is greatly straitened by the insufficient amount of funds applicable to that object. Again we urge this point, and insist that the friends of the cause ought to increase the tract fund a hundred fold, and never suffer it to be exhausted while a pro-slavery and servile community remains in the whole circle of the so-called—the now so-greatly-misalled—Free States.

The appointment of Mr. CHARLES K. WHIFFLE of this city as a Tract Agent and Missionary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, is a circumstance of much interest, and full of promise for the cause. Mr. Whipple commenced his term of service with the beginning of the present year. With the utmost confidence we commend him to all friends of Freedom, to all believers in the duty and expediency of telling the truth and the whole truth, and bespeak for him the friendly co-operation of all who have named the name of Anti-Slavery. Arrangements have also been made by which the cause will have the frequent aid of his vigorous, logical, and instructive pen.

Thus, as succinctly as could well be done, we have detailed the operations of our Society, and of our movement upon the popular mind, during the last year. And here it seems best to stop. It were easy to enlarge—and speak of some of the principal events of our cause's history during the year, and dwell upon the aspects of the future. But, while this is, each year, so thoroughly and ably done as in the Reports of the American Anti-Slavery Society, it seems a waste of supererogation to attempt a repetition. To all inquiries we beg leave to recommend the last Annual Report of that Society, published last autumn.

We must mention two recent meetings—widely different in their character, both however of deep interest to the members of this Society, and the friends of freedom. The first was the Commemorative Festival, held in Faneuil Hall on the evening of 22d Jan. inst., in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of this Society. Retrospective in its purpose, it was not only that; but full of incentive to a more vigorous prosecution of our work—teaching us to work while it is day, for to us all the night comes, when our work must be left to others. The occasion was one of much pleasure and much comfort. None, we think, who truly love the Anti-Slavery cause, will blame that festival-occasion. It was good to be there, and it will, we do not doubt, be productive of good.

The Convention held at Worcester, two weeks since, to consider the practicability and expediency of dissolving the Union of the non-slaveholding with the slaveholding States, is the other meeting to which we referred. Called by a large number of citizens of a community second in intelligence, and thoughtfulness, and sound education, to no other in New England, and ably sustained by some of the best minds in this State, it may be regarded as the most hopeful sign of the times we have seen for many years—a pledge that a spirit is growing and rising among the people, which will drive the demagogue into the obscurity and contempt he merits, and which will wipe out the dishonor, the disgrace, the ignominy, the guilt which now hang heavily upon New England and the North for their complicity with the Southern slaveholder, and their humiliating subservience to his plans and dictation. Soon the Northern cry shall be—'We will no

longer consent to thieves, nor be partakers with adulterers.' Hasten the day, just Heaven!

It was while we were gathered here, at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, in May last, that the whole city, yea, and the whole State, and every Northern man who had not lost his manhood, were agitated and excited, beyond precedent almost, by the recent tidings of the brutal assault upon Senator CHARLES SUMNER, of this State, while in his seat in the Senate Chamber, and for words spoken in debate. And now, at this our very next following periodical assemblage here, we receive the tidings of the sudden and wholly unexpected death of the man who perpetrated that outrage—Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina. We would neither be superstitious, nor presume to interpret too confidently the ways of Providence, but we believe that impartial history will yet trace a close and plain connection between the brutal and violent deed which he was urged on to commit against Mr. Sumner, and the early and untimely end to which he came.

One glance at the anti-slavery host across the sea, and our word is spoken. We must express our joy in, and our gratitude for, the continued publication of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*—one of the best and most instructive publications we know. We must revert, with pleasure, and with a just pride, to the faithful labors in Great Britain of our long tried friend and associate, PARKER PILLBURY, and to the success which crowned those labors. We must, once more, declare our respect and affection for that noble band of anti-slavery workers, the Abolitionists of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, in the name of those who are ready to perish, bless them for their steadfast, unshaken, generous support and friendship. And we must congratulate ourselves and all the friends of the cause, that the numbers of these sympathizing friends are increasing, year by year; that we have now to speak of other bands of firm, intelligent and active friends of our cause, who, from France, Switzerland, and Germany, are practically and powerfully protesting against that Slave-Despotism which brings every good cause, the wide world over, into one universal peril. Nor will we forget how much of this healthy agitation and this sound sentiment, on the question of human slavery, is due to the admirable works of our own gifted country-woman, HARRIET BECHER STOWE.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
General Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society.

TERRITORY OF MINNESOTA.

NINING CITY, Minnesota Ter., Jan. 11, 1857.
MR. EDITOR:

Perhaps, if your columns are not over-crowded with matter of more importance, a word from Minnesota would not prove too devoid of interest to be left from a place in THE LIBERATOR, even though not written by one of the literati.

I do not design going into an elaborate description or laudation of Minnesota, but present a few thoughts in the crude form in which they flow, hoping that I may touch some point that some of those intending to come to this Territory may gain some information upon.

At the present time, Minnesota is offering more inducements to the settler than either of the other Territories or States. In Iowa, the speculator is in advance of him; in Kansas, either the ruffian or the slave will make him wish he was back in the East again.

But in this Territory, he will find a good soil, well adapted to a most beautiful climate, open to 'claiming,' and in short, every thing that nature could do to make it a desirable home for all intelligent, industrious, and enterprising people. This is quite a sweeping assertion, but it is reiterated by all who stay here long enough to judge. Much of the emigration designing to make a home in Kansas will turn toward Minnesota. That death-blast to Kansas by the Democracy of this 'model Republic' will keep settlers out.

The soil of Minnesota has been subject to much misrepresentation. It being sandy, those who have no knowledge of the adaptation of soil to climate, condemn it as unfit for agricultural purposes. The 'Sucker' from the Minnatie American bottoms, when he arrives here, unless he can see the grains waving, often returns to his age-shaking Egypt, where they can raise good 'cann craps,' if not Republicans. In this climate, the black, clayey soil of Illinois or Kansas would be unfit for cultivation. There are portions of the Territory that are too sandy for good crops in ordinary seasons, but in a wet season, they will show their value. Take it as a whole, there is no part of the world adapted to such a variety of productions as Minnesota. All the cereals are raised in its highest perfection. The esculent vegetables grow to enormous sizes, and in quality are unsurpassed. It is a saying, that sweet potatoes grow to such a size that a yoke of oxen is required to draw them from the ground!

As to fruits, we do not yet raise them 'in quantities to suit purchasers,' but are fast getting orchards and nurseries under way, and will soon supply the home market, and even export. We can raise most of the fruits, except perhaps the peach, which is not sufficiently hardy to withstand our winters. But our wild fruits fully compensate for the absence of the peach. Of these, the plum, strawberry, cranberry, cherry, grape and gooseberry are very abundant. The plum is of fine quality, and is found in most parts of the Territory. Notwithstanding the high rates of wages here, they were delivered in our villages last season for \$1 per bushel. Cranberries grow very large, and were sold at \$1.50 per bushel, last fall. Strawberryberries are of rather inferior quality, but this defect is made up in quantity. Thus you see that much of the talk about our not having any fruit in Minnesota is simply ridiculous humbug.

The natural scenery of Minnesota is noticed by all travellers to be remarkably beautiful. Our bluffs and lakes are the principal features of interest. There are the Falls of St. Anthony and Minnehaha. These latter (from which Longfellow so beautifully derives the name of the Indian heroine in Hiawatha) are well worth a visit, even from your city. They are situated between Fort Snelling (one of those infernal machines which Uncle Sam has built to teach people the Golden Rule with) and Minneapolis. The stream, apparently unimpaired of its approaching destiny, winds along to the brink of the precipice, and joyfully, 'laughingly' leaps into space, and after a moment losing its form, recomposes itself, and rushes away as if fearing the falling torrent that threatens to drown it, as unconscious of the effect its beautiful leap has had on the eye of the spectator as was Minnehaha on the impress made on Hiawatha's heart. One should see these Falls to appreciate 'Hiawatha.'

But I must not extend this too far. A few words of Nininger City, and I will close. Nininger City is rapidly growing, and a place that but four months since contained but a dozen people, now can number its hundreds, and will doubtless in a few months count its thousands. To an Eastern person, this rapid growth is incomprehensible. Nininger City lies some twenty-five miles below St. Paul, on the opposite bank of the river, and having a most excellent bank country to sustain it, and a heavy capital to force it through, with all its numerous advantages, it cannot but grow to an important point. The lots were sold for only the cost, (six dollars,) but each purchaser was bound to put up improvements to the amount of from \$100 to \$500 for each lot. This ensures several hundred thousand dollars' worth of improvements in a very limited time. The place presents first rate inducements to mechanics of all kinds, (see advertisement,) and any one coming West would do well to bear Nininger City in mind. We have here a Literary Society, the first one formed in the county, and, as a sign of the times, I will state, that woman is admitted to membership, and allowed to hold office. Temperance and morality are requisites to membership. It was undertaken to make a distinction of color in admitting members, but that was voted down almost unanimously. A railroad will probably be granted to connect this place with the big

band in the Minnesota River at this session of the Legislature. This will be the first railroad in the country. This winter is remarkably cold here, but the Eastern papers I see you are having some quite severe weather in New England. With the thermometer at zero here, one can work out as comfortably as when it rises to ten or fifteen degrees above on the coast of New England. The sun shines very brightly, and there being scarcely any wind much of the time, out-of-door workmen can endure a greater degree of cold than in other circumstances. I had rather spend two winters here than one in Massachusetts. Every one seems to be happy, and the motto is, 'Eat, laugh and grow fat.' Such a prodigious appetite as a person has here is enough to discourage an ordinary daughter of Erin.

I want to speak of the book now advertised through the country as the Hand-Book for Minnesota for 1856 and '7. It is an imposition to put such a title to such a book. A hand-book for 1857, written in June, (at latest,) 1856, for Minnesota! Why, before 1857 came in, there were a dozen new towns surveyed. The next time, Mr. Parker, you get up a hand-book for our Territory, stay long enough to know what you are writing about, and then date it a year back rather than a year ahead. I would point out some of his blunders, but it is unimportant.

I notice you think of visiting Minnesota. I think it would be productive of great good in waking up the people here on the subject of human rights, and for one will assure you some open hearts, and an open hall in which to speak—also a welcome to our home circle, if you come and should stop in our city. The people here are of a progressive turn of mind, which can be reached by appealing to them in the spirit in which you speak. In the village of Hastings, some three or four miles below us, nearly one hundred copies of the New York Tribune are taken. This argues quite well for their liberality of ideas. Would that every Tribune were a Liberator, and that the people could see that a polished axe is better than a 'speckled' one! But most people must come to the truth through certain fixed channels and laws of progression. The highest angel in the highest spheres has passed through all these transition steps the high station was attained. In God's good time they will all reach the truth. I have had some quite spirited discussions on the truths of Non-Resistance, and find my opposers will usually follow me until I say, 'Choose now which you will serve!' and after trying to dodge it or 'stave it off,' will conclude they 'don't see it so.' They know the truth, and still the wrong defend. But I must close.

Most truly yours,
W. B. REED.

HERALDS OF FREEDOM—C. C. BURLEIGH.

DETROIT, Jan. 31st, 1857.

FRIEND GARRISON:

Some twelve years ago, while passing down the Delaware, two gentlemen were discussing the various merits of some of the orators of our country, when one inquired of the other, 'Have you ever heard CHARLES C. BURLEIGH?' 'No,' was the reply.—'Then,' said the first, 'you have never heard the greatest logician and the most eloquent man in America.' Not long after this, I had the good fortune to make his personal acquaintance, and listen to his powerful appeals in behalf of liberty. It was in New Jersey, among a community whose hearts had never before been touched with a live coal from off the altar of Freedom; and I can never forget his soul-stirring appeals, nor the effect of his pungent application of the truths he uttered.

These beautiful remembrances of him were vividly brought to mind lately, when in our western home, among a social gathering of Anti-Slavery friends, his name, in connection with the group of likenesses entitled 'Heralds of Freedom,' excited much interest and discussion. 'Honor to whom honor is due,' is a dictate not of justice alone, but of every generous sentiment of our nature; and as the early history of Mr. Burleigh was recurred to, and anecdote after anecdote related by one and another, illustrating his great power in bringing home Anti-Slavery truth, and in awakening and lifting up the moral nature of those with whom he comes in contact, the wonder was unanimously expressed, how he, and others with him, who had gone forth 'making the rough places smooth, and the crooked places straight,' came to be passed by, in a grouping of 'Heralds of Freedom,' by RALPH WALDO EMERSON, THOMAS PARKER, and JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS. Good and true champions, we all gladly acknowledge these to be; but did either of them give himself up to the cause of the slave at so early a period and with the entire consecration which characterized the grand and beautiful self-surrender of CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, when, after finishing his course of law studies and passing his examination with much éclat, he laid his profession, his hopes of fortune, the renown so entirely within the reach of his mighty logic and eloquence, all on the Anti-Slavery altar?

We do not know how this group has been formed—whether the individuals composing it were selected by the artist, or by our Eastern anti-slavery friends; but we judge that a great mistake has been made somewhere. Sometimes we think New England fails to appreciate one of the noblest of her sons; but in Michigan, the love and veneration for C. C. BURLEIGH is second to that felt for no other man in the ranks of Reform, save only Wm. Lloyd Garrison; and we feel not the less desire to do him honor, that we know him to be one of those rare spirits, who, if they can but stand erect before their own souls, care little for that 'honor which cometh from man.' C. E. C.

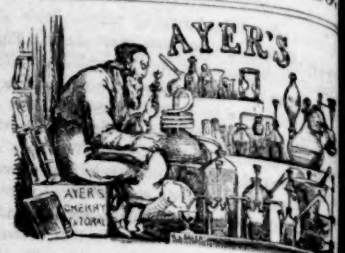
WHY NOT REJOICE?

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

Next to the enjoyment of being present at the late Anti-Slavery Festival was the reading of your excellent report in THE LIBERATOR of the festive occasion referred to. It carried me back to the days of my early manhood, when, though my name was not enrolled as a member of the Anti-Slavery Society, I was in truth and deed with you. I well remember when I ascended the gloomy stairway in Congress street, and found you at work on your humble little sheet. My mission was to hand you a word of cheer, which I had penned, bidding you to go 'Onward—Right Onward.' Those were the days when it cost something to be an outspoken Abolitionist. True, some of us have suffered but little—just enough, perhaps, to make us more faithful and determined in the work before us.

We are prone to be laggards without a little spurting. I well remember when a member of the Legislature, from Middlesex county, in 1837, Gov. Everett then in his Address recommended that we should be indicted at common law, as disturbers of the peace. My blood beat quicker than ever as I listened to this infamous suggestion, and like young Hamibal, I swore then and there eternal hostility to American slavery. From that hour to this, though an unprofitable servant, I have not altered that determination. My hatred to the foul system has 'grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength,' till I can find no epithet to express this hatred.

But, my brother, thanks to God! what a change has been wrought in these twenty-five years that have witnessed the Anti-Slavery struggle! Had a prophet declared it, he would have been stoned for his folly. Surely, then, there is reason for rejoicing, even in the midst of gloom. You did well to conceive and carry out the plan of the late Festival. My heart leaped to be there; but circumstances not easily overcome forbade it. But I lived over your joys and hopes in the letters and speeches, so ably reported. So, on the whole, I am a gainer with you all, and feel renewed for a new and more intense struggle in this eventful hour, when every tendency seems to bring us to your own true watchword, 'No Union with Slaveholders.' God speed the day!
G. W. S.
Milford, Jan. 22, 1857.



CATHARTIC PILLS.

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the bowels, to purify the blood and stimulate the healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the system, and by restoring their true action, they lead to health, wherever they exist, such derangements of the system as dyspepsia, indigestion, &c. An extensive trial of these pills, by Professors, Physicians, and Patients, has shown that dangerous diseases almost beyond cure, have been cured by persons of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of imposture. Their certificates are published in many of the newspapers, which the Agents below named are pleased to place free to all inquiring eyes.

Annexed we give Directions for their use in the most plain and simple manner. Take one or two pills, or frequently the aggravating cause of Piles, and the cure will be complete. If they do not operate, take a few more, and they will under a moderate use of body, be sure to be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, which is sometimes the cause of Constipation, and always uncomfortable, take mild laxative pills to induce healthy action. They will